## THE CAROLINAS.

Pointed Pen Pictures from the Old North and Palmetto States.

Debt the Gordian Knot of the South-Cut It With a Ploughshare; the Sword Not Wanted.

Social and Political Economy of a Carolinian Backwoods County.

The Colored Semiramis of the South.

"Major" Lottie Rollin's Views on State Government.

The Gentle Cutthroat Ku Kluxes and the Guilty Grabbing Carpet-Baggers.

North Carolina Bonds-Repudiation Talked Of.

The Beggared Chivalry Sulky but Industrious-Poor Whites Miscegenating and Robbing Hen Roosts-Rich Niggers Running Legislatures.

PAUPER LABOR AND SULLEN IGNORANCE.

NORTH CAROLINA.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., June 5, 1871. 3 When De Tocqueville came to this country, forty years ago, a thoughtful young French aristocrat, for the purpose of studying a class of institutions opposed to his every prejudice, but which he clearly saw were in full and healthy harmony with the spirit of the time, and were instinct with the vigor of youthful strength, he hit upon a plan of observan which has conferred immortality upon his labors. In place of dissipating his mental energies in a cursory view of a vast whole, he examined first a single part. He took a township, dissected its organic political members, watched their functional play, and, aided by an intellect, at the same time oad in its grasp and fine and keen and delicate in its power of minute analysis, he detected the mainspring of American political civilization. He then ascended to the study of the grand and complete fabric of our institutions as an integral whole, with a precious foreglance of the meaning they enshrined. Thus assisted, it is not wonderful that he wrote his "Democracy in America"-a work still, after half a century of life, as fresh and exhaustive and instructive a review of the genius and working of American institutions as when the leaves of its first edition were camp with printers' ink.

It is a dangerous precedent, perhaps, to follow; but I cannot help thinking that in order to reach a correct knowledge of the present state of Southern society-a society groaning in the after-agony of a terrible war, scarcely convalescent as yet from a well nigh fatal sickness, with every check and baiance upon which its order and well-being depended shaken and disturbed, and in many cases forever destroyed-a similar method is the only thing itkely to lead to success. I have sojourned for a time in a little backwoods North Carolinian village, and hope that a plain account of its life and condition may do something towards enlightening Northern readers as to the true and real cause of Southern

is just thirty-six miles from a railroad and eighty from a telegraph station. A backwoods village, indeed, you will say! But you must not suppose that it is a mushroom settlement of a few rude ploneers, such as may be found in abundance in the town, and is rich in several historic associations Only two miles from here still stands a weatherbeaten little log house, which—then the principal structure in the county town of Gilberton-was the corner of one of its rooms are some duil, dark. indistinct stains, the blackened vestiges of the ebbing life-blood of one of his Majesty's officers, Major Duniap, who had been bushwhacked in the hills. A few miles off is King's Mountain, the scene of a slight but, according to some historians, critical engagement in that same War of Independence. At Burnt Chimneys, also, only six intles away, in a little triangular field condemned to a sorrowini immortality, was drilled the first confederate regiment raised in the South.

It is a pleasant little town, lying on one slope of a winding valley. You come upon it suddenly after wearily cumbing up and down endless little huls, over which roads of bright red earth crookedly crawl between patches of pine and oak and blacktack, occasionally interspersed with a little fenced clearing. Now and then, but rarely, you catch a glimpse of the Blue Ridge, its outlines dialy fooming through a faint azure haze. Just as you expect soon

clearing. Now and then, but rarely, you catch a gimpse of the Blue Riage, its outlines dially fooming through a finit azure haze. Just as you expect soon to pass away for good into the unpeopled widerness—or rather, periongs, just as you are dreaming of encountering a tribe of Chorokees—you come in view of the town itself—a single street, half a miss in length, dark and cool even in the fercest summer heats, with the smade of rows of tick-foliaged trees, tome or two buildings stand out prominently—the Court House, with large Greenan pillars, and the juli, with dreary, unadorned waits of real brick. The rest are ordinary well-built Southern houses, with large verandans and little from gardens. You notice that the fences are decayed and broken, that the paint on the houses is duty and faded, and that the piece breathes torth a general rolling distance. It is a town, you say at once, that has seen better days. And Yames and once, that the paint on the houses is duty and faded, and that the piece breathes torth a general rolling distance in it is a town, you say at once, that has seen better days. And Yames and once, that the paint on the houses is duty and faded, and that the piece breathes torth a general rolling distance in the contract of the work of the foliage of the politic for the men who, for their own advances. It will not take you long the propose of the state of the state of the state of the results of the state of the rolling of the paint of the houses of the foliage of the paint of the houses of the state of the state of the state of the state of the rolling of the paint of the houses of the state of the state of the state of the state of the paint of the houses of the state of the paint of the house of the state of the

churches, eight or nine stores, two hotels, three or four groceries and a couple of guaing houses. Yes, gaming houses. I and they are among the worse will so the place. They are not not receive guide and they are among the worse will so the place. They are not not not considered. Such is the county seat of Rutherford, which has a population of about 16,669 people, who are will searcely an exception, farmers and planters. Before the war Rutherfordton was, for its size, very weathly, but it is now "LITERLY IMPOVERISHED."

In asking the cases of its present poverty you will stimble upon the first crying evil in its body positic. "How is it," you will inquire, "that you haven't yet pecuniarily recovered from the war?" Various replies will be made. Some will assign politics as the principal cause, but the most common and the traces and most sonsible response will to that the war drained the country of all its capital of cattle, or even provisions. Worse than the amonacially left every prominent man—every man who had previously conducted the industry of the country—in a state far below insolvency. Every man had lost whatever he had, except the acres of fertile earth that the rebel officials could not impound nor the Yankees carry away. We all remember how largely Southern business was formerly done upon credit. The traders gave long bills to the wholesale merchants in the North, and the planters, with mortages upon their estates and niggers, and of extavagant personal habits, ran heading into debt to the storekeepers. Estates may declined to a third of their former value, the merchants in the North, and the planters, with mortages upon their estates and niggers, and of extavagant personal habits, ran heading into debt to the storekeepers. Estates have declined to a third of their former value, the merchant of the products of the produment of the personal habits, ran heading into debt to the store the manufacture of the planters. With mortages upon the personal habits, now ever, still remain and hang like financial mi

I have dwelt thus long upon this

GENERAL FINANCIAL MUDDLE
in which the district is enveloped, because I have
no doubt the same evil prevails all over the South,
and it explains the fact that these unfortunate
states, in spite of the manly way in which many of
their citizens have met their difficulties, and in
spite too, of the money that has been poured into
them for cotion and produce, are recovering so
slowly from the rum or the war. This is one of the
troubles of the south, that, though far more pressing than the Ku Klux question or negro suffrage,
has never fairly been kept before Northern eyes.
It is, however, a trouble which you hear of hourly
when you know a Southern man well enough to talk
to him about something else than politics. And it
will press upon you all the more sadiy and forcibly
when you further remember how homorably southern traders have endeavored to clear off their scores
to Northern firms.

Until I thus understood the situation I was guilty
of a very natural injustice to Southern men. The
first thing a Yankee hears, as soon as he crosses
Mason and Dixon's line, wherever his feet may stray,
is, "We want

MEN OF CAPITAL
Gown here to develon the country; we can never

own here to develop the country; we can never rise alone for a generation from the destitution into which we have been plunged;

"Mem of capital," you reply, with Northern spirit;
"mon-ense! They are all very well in their way—very useful and necessary, no doubt—but you have brains to plan and hands to work. Way don't you do as the people in the new States in the West have done—why don't you manufacture your own millionnaires? Energy and industry are the only fountains of wealth. There are towns in the West, now rich and prosperous, which never had a single settler with a thousand dollars to his name. Fut your Shoulder to the wheel and you will soon thrive."

When you have made some such speech as this your Southern friend will shake his head and remain silent. But "Good Heavens!" he will say to brack! Therefore himsel, "haven't I worked hard?" he will say to my brains to make every dollar that my land could produce? Haven't I worked hard? Haven't I racked produce? Haven't I lived poorly, and my wife and my daughters and myself worn old clothes, and my sons kept home at work instead of going to school and college? And yet here I am, in just about as pitiable a

PECUNIARY DILEMMA as I was at the surrender. "Ferhaps, too, he may add, with a good deal of reason also, sodo coc." The se infernal Yankees sent down their blue coats to ruin us, and now they despise us because we are more."

The true reason, therefore, why the South does not The true reason, therefore, why the South does not prosper is that she is groating under an incubus of debt which seems almost immovable, and which, at any rate, it will take years and years to roll away, especially in the face of the heartless and wickeu pecualary oppression of the heartless and wickeu per of humans ruters, the taxes are, as a rule, three or four times what they were before the war. The more you study the question the more will this pecualary aspect of Southern diniculties grow upon you. Only yesterday I fairly shuddered as I heard that three per cent per month for small amounts is the comper cent per month for small amounts is the common interest on good collateral out in talls district, and even five per cent is occasionally offered. Men of Wall street—you who paid a half per cent a day for three terrible days last December—you at least know well that forty to sixty per cent per amaum

threly driven off the poor whiles to the sterile belts of country where stave labor, which can only pay on the best land, was impossible. By skilfin management the poor writes were tannood still to politically side with them; but, at some time in the not remote future, the

PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN

gararian quarrel in ancient Rome would have been the grand problem that would have distracted an independent South. Here would have been a land with exactly the same framework of society as its Latin prototype. First of all, a servic class; and above it patrician nobles—its Jeff Davises and Wade Hamptons and Howell Cobbs—and its plebeian yeomen, doomed to a sorrowful and unatterable indigence. History would have repeated itself. The same conflict that raged for ages in the Seven-Hilled City would have been revived beneath an American Sky.

Now that the war is over, this inevitable struggle

same conflict that raged for ages in the Seven-Hillied city would have been revived beneath an American sky.

Now that the war is over, this inevitable struggle between the two casts of the South is uneasily sleeping, but it turns over now and then in its slumber and gives a sign of latent power, and is ready at any moment to break forth into an active contest. In this county the traces of its existence are very plann. This is a district in which there were but comparatively few negroes—only tweaty-five per cent of the population—and yet it is strongly and decidedly republican. A strange fact, you say! Not at all. The white republican majority is made up exclusively of poor whites. There is

NOT A LEADING WHITE GENTLEMAN
who belongs to it—not a single lawyer, nor a single physician, ner a single clergyman even. I flist hit on the truth by a question I happened to put to a poor white man in the court room during one of the Ku Klux examinations. The only republican lawyer he he county is a shyster—a "twenty dollar" lawyer—a man, that is, who was admitted to the bar under an act of the State which provided that, though a man might know nothing of law, he might, nevertheless, practise it, if he past a twenty dollar license. He had been retaine by the government, and was grossly mismanaging the cause.

"If you want a conviction," said I, "why don't you hire a good lawyer? The case has got no show with an ignoramus like that."

The man turned and said in reply, with a bitterness I shall not easily forget, "We don't want a conviction if we can't get it without the help of this legal aristocracy. I'd just as soon be Ku Kluxed as put a stop to it by help like that,"

After that I talked to every poor white I met, and I quesdoned the landed leaders of the district about this seme unortunate class. It needs but little acuteness to discover how wide is the guif between the two. The

this same un ordinate class. It needs but little acuteness to discover how wide is the gulf between the two. The "POOR WHITES" make up fifty per cent of the population of the South. Thanks to stavery, they fed into a heart-rending state of poverty and misery and degradation, moral and social, in which they are still steeped to the lips. With a few exceptions, no fled of kind-hoss binds them to their luckier neighbors, though in districts where the negroes are in the majority, or nearly so, a common hatred of a black skin and woodly hair brings about a temporary union. Where the negroes are in the misority the "poor white" reduses so unnatural an adhance, and turns republican for mere spite, as has happened in this county of Rutherford. And who can blame him? The rich white says that his poorer brother has lost all self-respect, that his women take up with negroes (which is a saily frequent fact, at least out here, and that he is a worthless secundrel, who, although he fought desperately and well for the Lone Star flag, now lives by stealing chickens. A Northern visitor will, perhaps, say that a man with a wnite skin is never beyond hope of redemption. "Redemption" will be the answer. "It will take centuries to redeem

SUGH TRIFLING TRASH
as that, Why? Every decent negro man despises him, and he knows it." The poor white, when questioned, has very little to say for nimself. He is too debased to have more than a sort of blind instinct about his own wrongs, and if you look like a respectable man—as, for instance, a HERALD correspondent—he distrusts you too much to tell his real sentiments, even if he were able to do so.

When I heard that answer in the dungy court room I fanced—and, knowing what I do now, I think it was no idic fancy—that I heard an echo of the same spirit that has filled the gutters of Paris with blood, and strewn corpses upon its troitoirs and destroyed its palaces—the same spirit whose mearnated spectre ha tuts the dreams of every king and noble, and priest and millionnaire in Europe—the same s

the banner of a new issue in American politics. Here, on our own soil, restlessly waiting to break into activity, we have the spirit of the Commune.

When it does break out it will very probably attack these same

these same IMMENSE LANDED ESTATES, to which the Southern upper classes still citing so tenucously. Southern men say they would like to sell their lands, but there is no one to buy them oven self-their lands, but there is no one to buy them even at absurdly depreciated prices. In some cases this is no doubt true, but the superstition—for it is nothing short of a superstition—in favor of property in real estate still unhealtally larks in the breasts of the larger majority of the old noblesse. And as things are at present there can be no doubt that these big estates are a terrible evil. The mea who hold them, for reasons that I have already explained, have no capital to develop their resources, and rich soit, that would break forth into smaling fields of pienty under the hands of a small owner, lie bide and silent in the gloon of the primeval forest, while a patch of sandy, sterile land near by—the only and he has been able to buy or get—barrely rewards with a scarry living the labor of the poor waite. The proprietors of this county have largely adopted

white. The proprietors of this county have largely adopted

THE RENTING PRINCIPLE,
common in the South of France, and known there as the "messenger" tenure—that is, they let a man have land on condition of receiving a half or a third of the harvest, according to its value. But somehow or other this system does not seem to be very popular with the poor wintes. We, who have North, know the reason why; but Southern men don't, and complain of it as a great nardship. It is, of course, the same prejudice against the rental system, which will always be the rule in a democratic country, and which, if our hastitutions are to be permanent, will ever exist in the mind of an American freeman.

Surely a question such as this—how to farm all the good soil in the South before taking to the poorer parcels—a question so closely touching the material prosperity of the country, ought to be deeply studied. If the men who own good land cannot cultivate it, some plan ought to be adopted to throw it into productive kands.

to throw it into productive sands.

In Ireland the British government passed the "Encumbered Estates act" for a similar purpose, Might not the State buy the lands from their present owners at a fair appraised value and self them in small farms to settlers, taking payment for them in

a term of years, and requiring the son to be improved to a certain value?

There is another evil that springs from the peculiarly impoverished condition of the country—the LOW PRICE OF LABOL.

You can hire a white man here for eight or ten dollars a month and his board and a negro for a couple of dollars less. Some negroes, indeed, get very when less. They hire out out year free.

dollars a month and his board and a negro for a couple of dollars less. Some negroes, Indeed, get very mich less. They hire out out over frequently on a rather origin plot of the over frequently on a rather origin plot of the over frequently on a rather origin plot of the over the output of the over the output of the outpu

scourgings, and now and then even by the summary and cruel vengeance of an imprompin gallows? Besides, the men-wao thus live in unboly bonds of lineit pleasure are almost always the same men who do most of the chicken stealing. Interest as well as virtuous indignation conspire to rouse the Southern blood to the whipping point.

There is also another side cause for the Porularity of RU KLUXISM among the Southern better classes. Every one who has been south and who has watched the methacis of the people knows their childish love for the romantic and the terrible. This feeling speaks out plainly in the frequency of the minic tournaments, with their Old World mommeries, which stir now and then the pulse of every Southern town. It speaks no less plainly in the knightly imagery of the speeches on the memorial day of the rebel dead. And it is also one great inspiration of the Ku Kiux. Dress out a Southern youth in the disguise of Herne the Hunter, fire his imagination with the mystic ceremonials of the Rosy Cross or the ancient Vehnnegericht, and you have made him capable of doing anything at all with a blokory stick, and perhaps even of murder.

Bright and deree and fickle is the South.

Sings Tennyson. Lead the poor boy forward by some capityating Will-of the wisp such as 1 have

deing anything at all with a bickory stick, and perhaps even of murder.

Bright and serce and fickle is the South.

Sings Tennyson. Lead the poor boy forward by some captivating Will-o' the wisp such as I have suggested, and for the moment his heart will be stirred to its innermost depths; he will burn with the desire to do something desperate and horrible. Luckily, however, this is a weakness which, like these absurd tournament displays, could be laughed out of him by a dose or two of Northern ridicule.

But how about the

INTOLERANCE OF NORTHERN MEN?

Well, so far as intolerance of men, simply because they are "Yankees" goes, it has no existence; but S uthern men are themselves divided into two opposite social camps by politics, and a Northern man, if he comes down here, will have also to socially mingle only with those bolding his own opinions. In a few very small towns North we have almost the same thing; politics and religion are the only intellectual pursuits of the population, and separate them into opposing cliques. In the South religion is for the nonce in a state of peaceful repose, and politics reigns supreme. But perhaps the reader will say, "How is that? you have already said that public spirit is dead." So it is; but politics in the South now means on one side a struggle for a new lease of inancial planter, and on the other permission to roapse into the quiet of peaceful industry. It is, however, a great mistortune that politics that holds such supreme sway over the Southern mind; and it is hard to say how it can be avoided until the State is gaph well governed. Perhaps a great religious revival might do a great deal in this respect, and the Gospel would share the power, if it did not destroy altorether, the reign of politics over the Southern mind. A Northern radical, if he comes South, must herd with radicals and radicals only; just as an atheist or a Pajist in a New England village in old times would have been condemned to social ostracism by all who clung to the Shorter Catechism and the dootr fashion of violent radicals, talked incendiarism to the darkles and lived with a couple or more negro con-cubines he would be "sent to Coventry." That is about all the oft-charged ostracism of loyal North ern men amounts to.

only

"FILE ETERNAL NIGGER?"
is now left to close up this already lengthy letter, and I think I will discuss him at length on a future occasion. All I will say about him here is that, in my judgment, he is by no means so great an evi as he is represented. Ferhaps the number of victous now the second of the primary cause of mischief in both cases is ignorance and poverty and the loss of self-respect that follows in their train. The nigger, if left politically to himself, would do very little harm, and as a laborer, though he fails far below the Caucasian standard, he is very useful. Already the hold of the repositions upon him is waning, and it will be a great blessing if it decays altogether. Personally the negro is content to accept a subordinate position, though no doubt he may be egged on by designing men into forming, as has happened in the eastern part of this state and in South carrolina, a "black man's party." There is still in a majority of cases a tie of affection between the ex-slaves and the ex-masters; and at the last election here an old nigger, who is respected by all the district, wear to his democratic master and begged a sack of corn and then voice the republican tacks. Nothing was said octween them about pointles; the master knew how he was going to vote and dat not attempt to stop him; and yet the asked for aid was given. The negroes have, however, got it into their woodly, EMPTY HEADS.

that if they don't vote the republican ticket they will again be made slaves, and they don't wish that, though they still love the men whose corn and bacon have for the most part made the fiesh and blood and bones they are even now wearing. No doubt this airican question is one of the principal problems of the South, but, I believe, if the country again became orderiy and prosperous, it would fade larither and fartner away into the background and would find its own solution.

And now, having read over what I have written. "THE ETERNAL NIGGER!

again became orderly and prosperous, it would fade farther and fariner away into the background and would find its own solution.

And now, having read over what I have written, I am conscious that I have given but an incomplete picture of the state of amairs, even in this little microcosmic representative of the South. F can only hope that I have brought fairly into view, though imperiectly, what I am sure are the grand sources of trouble—the poverty and demoralization of the people. Social, not political, difficulties now drag the South down and keep it in its present depicracle condition, and if this is sufficiently recognized we shall soon cease applying acts of Congress and legislative "loyal" swindlers as the appropriate remedy. It will take a generation or two to raise the South to the Northern level of comfert and order, and we can best lead up to so happy a result by patiently leiting universal education and that love of prosperity which is common alike to whites and blacks bring it about. We cannot retard it more than by treating the South as we do now—as a political issue, a something to keep the machinery of parties in active working order. Good and noble men ought at once to denomice such wicked trilling with the happiness of millions of their bretaren and kinsmen as an ungenerous, shameful and infigutious crucity.

## SOUTH CAROLINA.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 7, 1871. Dulaure, somewhere in his memoirs of the trou-blous times of France before the Revolution of '89, informed by her confessor that all created beings having immortal souls were responsible, whether serf or noble, to the Almighty for their doings, and would be punished alike, answered wittily in de-tence of her order, "Depend upon it, str. God thinks twice before damning one of our quality."

And eleven years ago had some individual, with a preaching fervor upon him, entered the hall in South Carolina where the ordinance of secession was about to be passed and told the stoners of that famous paper that the fil that they were doing would live after them, and that in one way or another those of their blood and kindred would suffer for secession, and that a new and to them humiliating order of things would arise to confound and surprice them, they would perhaps have laughed and inswered in the spirit of the Lady Mardchaie.

And strange things have come to pass in the Palmetto State, such that if the McDuffies, Calhouns, Pinckneys, Rhetts and others of the bygone plantation noblesse could be permitted to rise from their graves would send them back to the shades with their cere. ments folded around their faces in horror and disbelief of their possibility,

Most wondrous of all the changes in South Caro-

that women have gained in politics and the direction of the negroes, who do mneteen-twentieths of the voting of the republican party in this unhappy State. In periods of transition and chaos, as, for instance, during the French and our own Revolutions, and as in the case of the late Paris Commune and in the wars of the Fronde, women of tact, pluck, education and experience have always governed masses of men. France had her Madame de Tencin, Madame

du Deffans, Madame de Genlis, her Theresa Cabarrus and her Madame Roland. The War of Independence produced such women as Mrs. Robert Morris and the heroic Moil Pitcher. These ladies won their reputation in the salons, the closets of diplomacy and smid the charging cheers of battle.

And South Carolina is not to-day without her fem-

inine celebrities, albeit they may not be of the orthodox and Caucasian shade of skin. South Carolina ciolces in two sisters, gifted anke in the management of a pilable Senate and House of Representa tives-I refer to the Mademoiselles Katharine Euphresyne and Charlette Rollin. These two ladiesfor ladies they are in manner and education—are also of the Galife race, but of the mixed Haytien branch, which produced Christopher Dessatines and

Toussaint l'Ouverture.

I had oiten heard of these famous sisters, but during my sojourn in South Carolina, had never seen them. Hearing of their power and influence mong the black and white legislators, and having their names dinned may after day in my ears, I felt it incumbent, as a part of the duties of the HERALD Commissioner in the South, to call upon them. Accordingly I penned the following note to Miss Lottie Rollin, while in Columbia, and awaged pa-

tionily for an answer:—

MADEMOISELE I desire to have tice h and of calling upon yourself and sister, at your pleasure. And convenience in the capacity of a journalist and representative of the New York Herallo. Most respectfully, your obedient servant.

To Miss LOTTIE ROLLIN.

The negro youth whom Mespatched with the mis sive, tike all negro youths that I have met in the South, with but few exceptions, was both lazy and studid,

Twenty-four hours after I had sent him on his mis- although I thing him to be very mean and treachersion I met him by chance at the hotel which was ruled over by a gentleman whose breath, being naturally offensive from the use of stimulants, compelled him to use raw onions as a counter trrttant. I said, "Sam, have you brought me an answer

from Miss Rollin ?" Lazy and stupid youth-"Fore God, massa, I tink I lose my mem'ry, shuah. Missy Rollam tole me yessa'day dat you was to come at your own kun-venens and pleasha; and she say dat you must xcuse her for not sending a note 'cos she would ixplain when you come. Beg pardon, sah, got berry bad mem'ry, 'fore God. I hab.''

Finding such exquisite politeness on the part of these young ladies, I deemed it proper to take a carriage of the sorry sort which is to be procured in Columbia, the bottom having almost rotted away with hard usage, and the horses being of that breed which is known to the marines as the "Nonesuch."

Back of the uncompleted pile of grantle which is known as the South Carolina State House is a fine street, very wide and shaded with spreading oaks, whose branches at this time of the year are lasen with green foliage. Crossing this street is another still as wide and less shaded, but lined with white frame cottages, all having pleasant veraudas.

It was the evening hour, before dinner, and here and there some few of the scions of the old South Carolina families were to be seen riding on blooded horses, the only chattels left to the once proud Southern houses to remind them of their former wealth and station. Occasionally a carpet-bagger rode by behind a dashing team, the harness, fresh from New York and Boston, and gittering with garish splendor. It was significant to notice the glance of contempt and impassible indifference vouchsafed by the proud and poor South Carolinian, in his old, broken-down equipage, to the magnificent carpetbagger's, and then to see the stoud, straight ahead stare of the South Carolina lady as she passed her Northern sister more fortunate than herself in a worldly point of view.

I called to the driver as he dashed through the streets, and the bottom nearly fell out of the carriage. I said:-

"Are you sure you can find the residence of the Misses Rollin ?"

The darky grinned and shouted back through the dust and din created by the wheels, while the perspiration boured down his face,
"Oh, yes, sah. Here we am now. Dis yer white house," pointing with his whip to a respectable-looking frame residence, snaded by trees, surrounded by a ralling in good preservation and having the inevitable plazza in front. The hour had come. I pulied on a pair of fragile white kids and jumped out, telling the driver to wait for me, as it looked like a storm. The clouds were gathering in great banks over the Lexington hills the sun was setting in the bed of the Congarce, and the skies, which were heated all day in the brilliancy of jasper and purple and gold, had now an angry look. Fulling back the wicket I entered an eaclosure and made my way up. flight of steps to the half door of the Rollin mansion and putled at the bell handle. The darky grinned and shouted back through

handle.
In a few moments I heard light footsteps tripping In a few moments I heard light footsteps tripping In on the hard and the door was opened to me by a beautiful girl in a graceful, cook white robe. I thought of the old scotch ballad as I looked upon this girl—

Oh, she's fair and she is rare. And she is wond'rous bonnie. There's nane wi' her that can compare, I love her best of ony.

The girl was about fifteen years of age, having a figure moulded in the best outlines. Her face was of that peculiar hue winch comes from the admix ture of pare white blood with the mulatto, and results in the quadroon. Her eyes were almondshaped, lustrous as moonlight; her teeth were white and shapely; a warm red blush mantled in her olive cheeks, and a smile played around the disaple in her chip.

in her only echeeks, and a smine played around the diapple in her only.

Tais was Miss

""" Fourier Rollin, the youngest but one of four sisters.

I stated the purpose of my call and manded the young lady my card, which she took with a pleasant

young lady my card, which she took with a pleasant smile and said:—
"Oh, you are Mr. —, of the Herario? My sister Lottle expected you and will see you presently. Please slep into the parior and give me your hat and I will rest it."

I walked in, and, while my hat was being properly bury on the rest, entered a parior on the left of the hung on the rack, entered a parior on the left of the hail which had an open window looking out on a garden in which chickens, hens and pigeons, as well as a few pet canaries, were disporting them-

well as a few pet canaries, were disporting themselves.

And in the garden I saw a fountain, whose waters were plashing musically in the dying sunset.

The younger Miss Rollin moved about in the room while waiting for her sister to appear, arranging the music on a fine piano, which occupied a corner of the room. The centre table was covered with books and magazines. A copy of Byron lay half open on the table, and a number of the Allantic, with a volume of Gall Hamilton's works and another of Miss Louisa Alcoul's, were in close and loving contiguity. The scene was a pleasant one, such as is only met with under the Southern Cross. The chirping of the cricket, the bleating of the harmiess builfrog and the singing of the pet canaries, all combined to inducence the HERALD commissioner, as the greenish and wooded heights of the hills began one by one to fade into obscurity.

The sight. The shade of keep and spire

'Tis night. The shade of keep and spire Obscurely dance on silver stream, And on the wave the waveer's fire Is checkering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey; The weary warder leaves his tower; Steeds snort, uncoupled staghounds bay, And merry hunters quit the bower.

I heard the rustle of a trailing dress, and, looking toward the entrance of the parlor in the fast-gathering dusk, saw a female form entering.
"This is my sister Lottie, Mr. —," said Miss Marie Louise Roilin, and both ladies bowed, Miss Maria Louise passing out of the parlor at the same

and now I was face to face with the Madame de

which was returned with equal profundity, and Mis-Lottle took a seat near the window.

"You are Mr. ——, of the HERALD, I presume?"

Lottle took a seat near the window.

"You are Mr. ——, of the Herald, I presame!"
said the lady.

"I have that bonor, Mademoiselle," I answered.

"You speak French, perhaps" said Miss Lottle.

"But slightly."

"It is a enarming language—the language of grace and of poetry. You will pardon me for not returning a written answey to your very contreous note. I have reasons for all particles as been abased by one newspaper man. I was interviewed without my permission or authority, and I am therefore compelled to be careful.

"Matemoischle," answered the Herald Commissioner, "I she all not abase your confidence, and it is only because yourself and sister are supposed to direct the legislative destinies of the State of South Carolina that I genure at all to call upon you many case."

"You hatter me and my famile, sir," said Miss Lottle, with a Taplet glance at the writer, and a

"You hatter fine and my family, sir," said Miss Lottle, with a japid glance at the writer, and a sight and not grapicasing sinile.

The sky above became suddenly darkened, and the storm descraped from the hills. The deafening descrapes of neaven's artiflery came fast and thick, crashing; in our ears, and the forked lightning flashed vividly, while the rain descended in torrents.

rents.
"I do not like the lightning—I am very much afraid of it—let us go in the other parlor it. afraid of it—let us go in the other parlor," said Miss Lottle, risa ig from her seat with an undulating curve. We crossed the hall and entered another parlor, when he was hung with choice pictures and engraving. A well-stored bookcase filled one corner of the room, and some six or eight portraits of a man of twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, with a sight mustacle, a dorned the walls. Observing med. O regard the various portraits of this individual, Miss Lottle languingly remarked, "Inat is Senater Meintyre, a white gentleman from Colleton coupy", whom the newspapers will have it, is an vidual, Miss Lottle langhingly remarked, "That is Schalt r Meintyre, a white gentleman from Colleton coupt," whom the newspapers will have it, is engaged, to me to be married. I think it is outrageous that newspapers should pry into such matters. It is in my opinion but a very small business, and if we were white ladies—though I believe the best thio d of South Carolina flows in our veins—I do not the ak that such an outrage could be permitted. Do 15° at think so, sir!"

"I believe it to be very bad taste to mention such matters, Miss Lottle," I answered, feeling it be necessary that I should now and then get in a word edgeways.

"It was reported that we had written a letter to a certain correspondent that he should not men.

edgeways.

"It was reported that we had written a letter to a certain correspondent that he should not mention that we had written a letter to Mr. Frank Moses, the Adjutant General of the State, asking him for his good offices to "Ax a claim" of \$1,500 for school teaching. I think that such scandalous proceedings should not be tolerated."

"Did you or your sister write the letter in question "I ventured to ask.

"No, str. It would be impossible for any man to show or identify such a letter in our mandwriting."

"It is was the letter written at all ""

"It is was the letter written at all ""

"It is was the letter written at all ""

"It is was written it was forged by Frank Moses and General John Dennis. They were possibly mad at something we may have said, and it is probable that they took that method against two detenciess girls of having their revenge. On, some of the carpet-baggers in this State are too mean for anything, so they are. The best of the colored legislators is Mr. Hayne, and I think he is divine—I think he is perfection."

"Did your sister, Miss Kate, hold at any time the position of a major on the staff of General Moses, and did she receive a salary for such services i performed by her?" said the Herald Commissioner.

"On, that was some absurd joke of the colored member of Congress, this Mr. Ethott, who says he was educated at Eion College. You see," said Miss Lottle, taking down a portfolio and becoming quite interested, "It is in this way that my sister, Miss Kate, has been called the Major." This Mr. Ethlott, 'Trom Eton College,' was the man who had charge of the enrolment of Lie colored minima and General Frank Moses was then our very intimate friend—

one now—and he used to write us a number of notes (with a slight haugh). Here is one which I with show you, to give you an idea of his foolings. He is of Jewish lineage, and was the man who raised the first rebel dag on Port Sumiter, being then Governor Pickans private secretary. Now, of course, he is a very strong republican, the times having changed.

changes,"
Miss Lottle then showed the HERALD Commisstoner the following letters, which after a family
consultation, subsequently he was allowed to

I had read the letter aloud thus far when Miss Loute remarked,
"Oh, he's very peculiar and old-hashtoned in his
English. He thinks it's so old; and he's so mean."
I continued:—

but failed. I trust, however, that you may accent the post-tion with even this pay. It is very pleasant to me to be of any analatance to you, both on your own account and as the sister-in-law of a man whose from this pt extens so highly. "He means General Wilpor, the negro brigadier general of State minita. He's a lawyer in charges ton, and married my stater, Frances Mary Magdalen. She is the oldest of the girls and an authories, and wrote the life of Major Dunay. It's a tim book and don't amount to much," Miss Louis again interrupted. I again read:

May I ask that you will be kind enough to report to me for duty at the earliest moment practicale, and thus oblige yours, most respectfully and sincerey, F. J. MOSES, Jr. June 5, 1869.

"You notice what strange and oddly fashioned English Frank Mosas uses, do you not? And here is his letter of recommendation of me to the dovernor (Scott), a noble gentleman, and my candidate for the Presidency:—

To his Excellency the Governor: I most respectfully recommend that the pay of Miss Rollin, as clerk in my odice, be increased to \$100 per month. Most respectfully.

Adjutant and Inspector General South Carollus Approved—R. K. Scott.

Approved—R. K. Scott.
"You see how friendly he was in those times. Now
I will show you the letter of Governor Scott, the
noblest of them all, appointing me."
I read a letter, of which, as in the other cases, I
give a faithful copy:—

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, COLUMBIA, June 5, 1823.
Miss CHARLOTTE ROLLES, Charleston, S. C.:—

Miss CHARLOTTE ROLLIN, Charleston, S. C.:—
You are hereby appointed to take charge of the caroiment
of the milita under the orders of the Adjudant and inspector
Ceneral, and will at once, on the receipt of this order, report
to the said odicer for day.
You are not to perform any other duties in the office save
those involved in the carolment, and your pay is hereby fixed
at seventy-five dollars per month, out of the appropriation
for the expenses of enrolment.

ROBLET S. SCOTT. Governor.

ROBERT K. SCOTT, Governor.

at seventy-ave access per month, out of the appropriation for the expanses of enrolment.

ROBERT K. SCOTT, Governor.

"And now I will show you the letter from which Kate came by the title of 'major,' aithough it was I was to major,' aithough it was I was not the came by the title of 'major,' aithough it was I was not need to copy the following letter:—

\*\*RECIAL ORDERS—NO. 3.\*\*

\*\*HEADQUARTERS SIGHT CARDITIA MILITIA.,'

\*\*ADJUTANT AND INSECTION ORSERAL'S OFFICE.,'

\*\*ADJUTANT AND INSECTION ORSERAL'S OFFICE.,'

\*\*Missing that the sight of the particular of the sight of th

No. 3 TREMONT PLACE, Boston, Mass., Jan. 2, 1871.

DEAR FRIERDS.—I have vour enter of Decemier 24, and am very goal you have un fectasen the formation of an 8. C. State society, or to do your best to help women. We will publish your call and send you copies of the Women's Jou-wif for distibution at your Convention. We will assessed your some tracts on the cover of which you will find a form of constitution which may be of service if you should organize. If you form a society make it "auxiliary to the American Woman Suffrage Association"—this is subpaying and may save trouble hereafter. I do not think any of the tan utime to help you at present. We are so overworked that we do not know how to take an added ounce. Do not be discouraged by small beginnings nor by opposition. Remember that what the press tries to do against you is really for you is the end. We had a very succession thazaer, and the Governor of Massachuseits has just recommended woman suffrage in his annual message; so all things work together for good. I will come dowe at some ruture time if I can.

With cortial sympathy I remain yours for the women's cause.

"What's your opinion of the late Taxpayers' Con-

what's your opinion of the late Taxpayers' Con-"What's your opinion of the late Taxpayers' Convention, which was held to settle the affails of the State in this city?" I aske a Miss Lottle.

"On, merely a quarred between the lins and the outs. The old repel leaders are incredy trying to gain power again, but the colored men cannot trust inem any more. "They have been too crue! to them. These rebels are just as treacherous as they can be. They are not to be trusted and while thics, yet they pretend to be of superior race and blood."

There was another rastle of sike at the door, and this time entered a tall and slender young lady, attired in black siik, with large black eyes and long straight mair bealind, which rippled at the forehead very preeftily.

straight nair bealind, which rippled at the very prettily.

"Allow me, Mr. —, to introduce you to my sister, Miss Kate Enphrosyne Roslin, whon you have heard of by the nonsensical title of Catharine de Medicis Robin. Mr. —, of the Herald."

Miss Kate bowed deeply, and throwing her rica dress into a wave with the back of her hand, sait down near me quite gracefully. Miss Kate is about twenty-lour years of age: Miss Lottle is about twenty-lour years of age: Miss Lottle is about twenty-lour siss bottle wore blue and white, and miss Kate, being more of a brunette, wore a scarlet bow at the throat and scarlet creepers in her hair.

Miss Kate, being more of a brunette, wore a scarlet bow at the throat and scarlet creepers in her hair. Presently came in Miss Marie Louise, looking as sweet as a young fawn, and last of all another sister, Miss Forence by name, aged thirteen, who was exceedingly pretty.

Alsa Lottle introduced Miss Louise and Miss Florence, and the Hellalb Commissioner again bowed his very best to the new comers. The ladies now gathered around and brought their chairs together until they formed a circle around the Heralb Commissioner, placing him in an interesting but quite embarrassing position.

"I have just come from Governor Scott's, and had a very pleasant that there; he is a great friend of ours, and we hope to see him freedent of the United States yet. He is a noble mun, indeed," said Miss Kate, with a tervent unction.

"This is my ticket," said sliss Lottie, opening the flyteaf of a book, which she took from the table and showing it to me, with the following Liseription, in her own hand writing:—

R. K. SCOTT, of South Carolina.
FOR VICE PRESENTANT.
CHARLOFFE ROLLIN, of South Carolina.

There was a smile all round the circle at the name mentioned for vice President, with the ex-ception of Miss Lottie, who preserved her gravity auto demursts.

quite demurely.

"What do you think of Miss Susan B. Anthony in
the woman's rights question?" I asked of Miss Kate ollin.
"I do not think much of her. She is too fussy and

"I do not think much of her. She is too fussy and froiny. Did you see the polectain portrait of Senator Meintyre that I painted?" inquired Miss Kate, "That's Miss Kate's bean," langhingly coplied Miss Florence, and Marie Louise also showed her white regular teeth.

Miss Kate took down a portrait of Senator Melaive and said. Interest and said:

"Lattic girls should be seen, not heard, Fiorry,"
and showed the portrait of her flance. She also
showed an album, in which there were six pictures
of the same legislative person in different attitudes.
"Do, don't," said Louise. "You know, Kare, that
some of the napers stated that Mr. Melatyre was
engaged to Lother."

some of the papers stated that Ar. Activities engaged to Lothie,

A mollified soile appeared on the lips of Lottie, and an angry glance shone in Kate's dark eyes. It was dangerous ground and I took water.

'I suppose the papers wish to see if they can't compel Air. Melntyre to back out, because he is a write man, and I am not of his race," with a toss of her dark head.

white dark head.

"Are you fond of poetry, Mr. — ?" asked Miss
Lottle of the Herald Commissioner.

"Yes, Marm," I answered.

"I am passionately fond of Byron. What a dear
reckless fellow he was, to be sure. His "Corsair' and
his "Childe Harold" are so beautiful."

"What do you think of the "Don Juan?" I inquired.

quired. The girls hestiated for a moment, and then Miss

Kate answered.
"I think it is peculiar."
"I think it is peculiar."
"I love Miss Browning above all the poets and I like Victor Hugo. But whittier I adore. He is the poet of human liberty and the rights of manklad, flow grand is the finate of his Song of the Free!"
And Miss Lottie recited the verse:—

There was a sight murmur of applause among the sisters of this wonderful family as Miss Lottle ceased, her eyes kinding, with patriotic fire, and the Herallo Commissioner held his oreain as Miss Kate took up a volume of Miss Browning's poems and

took up a volume of Miss Frowning's poems at said:—
"How beautiful and full of golden thoughts is 'Aurora Leigh!" There is a mine of gold in that woman, and she is always for the wolk against the strong. Listen," said Miss Kate, and she pointed with her finger to the passage:—

Dear Marian, of one cay dod made us all, And though men wash and poke and paddle in't, (As chidren play at fashioning dirt pies.)
And call their fineles by the name of facts, Assoming difference, lordship, privilege,
When all's plain dut—they come back to it at last;
The mist grave digger provent with a snade,
And pais it all even. Seed we want for this,
You, Marian, and I, Romney?
"Where were you educated, ladies?" I asked, atter

You, Narian, and I, Ronney?

Where were you educated, ladies?" I asked, atter an interval, rather astonished at the knowledge of the poets displayed by these young girls, who are